

THE ARENA

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

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Left Swallows Hard On Dose of Own Drug

by Harvey H. Hukari, Jr.

A lot of previously unconcerned people at Stanford have become uptight over the fact that the mutated offspring of America's corporate elite, known locally as the Students for a Democratic Society, were booed and yelled at during an SDS rally at the Old Union on January 29. The spectacle of moderate and Conservative students, as represented by the Young Republicans and the Young Americans for Freedom, being so audacious as to come out in the open and satirize the SDS by using their own chants and slogans against them was too much for some Liberals to take. It's perfectly alright to let the radicals run wild on campus and heckle any number of speakers, including President Pitzer, but when someone turns around and gives the SDS a dose of their own medicine, watch out.

A variety of individuals, ranging from squealing SDSers to columnists in the *Daily*, have been quick to charge that the tactics employed by SDS and YAF are virtually the same. This impression, fostered by the *Daily's* less than adequate coverage of the January 29 counter demonstration, is an erroneous one. The joint YAF-YR protest was an entirely peaceful affair conducted within the bounds of legality. It was noisy and boisterous but it was not violent.

Prior to the rally, the Young Americans for Freedom and its attorney instruct the members as to their legal rights and what they could do to defend themselves if attacked. It was stressed that the demonstration was to be a peaceful one and it remained as such. Two YAF photographers were on the scene at all times to record any incidents of violence which might later result in legal action. To be sure, there were many at the Old Union who yelled loudly and with much emotion at the SDS, yet no attempt was made to bodily break up the rally, as one letter writer to the *Daily* charged, or to prevent anyone from speaking. In reality, it was the radicals who almost touched off the violence by systematically attempting to block Conservatives and moderates from getting to the front of the crowd.

The major factor which stopped people from speaking at the rally was not the shouting of hundreds of students but rather the comical inability of SDS to cope with the technical intricacies of its own sound system. The microphone and amplifier became conveniently inoperable when Prof. William Rambo began to speak to the crowd in defense of applied electronics research. One YAF member offered to re-

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YAF-YR DEMONSTRATORS AT SDS RALLY



DEJECTED RADICALS MULL OVER FAILURES ON THE SRI LAWN

...Leo Prescribes Therapy

By Leo

Beneath the SDS rhetoric about "imperialism," "military-industrial complex" and the like lies the tragic reality that many campus militants are very sick people. The noted University of Chicago psychiatrist, Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, described students rioting at his University as "paranoiacs" who are "very, very sick." And anyone who had a chance to look closely at some of these self-styled revolutionaries as they spoke at the anti-Pitzer rally last week could see in their eyes a virulent fanaticism devoid of any trace of warmth, humor, generosity, or expansiveness. One, in particular, reminded this writer of a section of the Nazi propaganda film, "Triumph of the Will," in which Hitler is congratulating one of his courageous SA troops.

The "paranoia" which Dr. Bettelheim mentions shows itself in the SDS's devil theory of American society, the belief that either a handful of military-industrial oligarchs or an impersonal system (a computerized Mephistopheles?) is set on destroying human values such as love and individuality.

New Left guru Herbert Marcuse, writing ex cathedra in "One Dimensional Man," expresses these same feelings. Conceding that American technology has brought widespread wealth and that the disciplines of economics, sociology, and psychology have brought relief from social and individual tensions created by capitalism, he argues that these benefits are superficial and, in reality, are nothing more than weapons of aggression. The weapons are subtle and sophisticated means of luring men into a dependency and acceptance of the values of the ruling oligarchy, but their subtlety makes them no less evil.

Were Marcuse to produce an alternative system

that could spread the benefits of our present system, or even were he able to describe clearly and in a positive fashion the brand of individualism he envisions, one might commend his philosophizing as healthy idealism. Unfortunately, he can suggest nothing more substantive than a "combination of centralized authority and direct democracy," which would be "subject to infinite variations," and he doesn't even try to describe an ideal for human behavior.

This inability to find good in the world, coupled with an obsessive fear of society, provides no conclusive evidence that Marcuse himself is sick. But it is the same kind of thinking which, in the less mature minds of many campus dissidents, reflects extreme emotional stress.

The phenomenon of widespread mental illness among student militants has obvious policy implications. For example, in the upcoming trial of the anti-trustee demonstrations, the SJC should give heavy consideration to the mental health of the demonstrators. It will be the Council's responsibility to call in psychiatrists capable of rendering sound judgment on the demonstrators.

Those demonstrators found to be sick must, of course, be given proper care; at the same time, the campus must be assured that these patients do not have the continuing opportunity to let the working out of their frustrations impinge on our freedoms. The exact manner in which therapy, restriction, and discipline should be coordinated must be left up to the SJC, the administration, and the psychiatrists involved.

The opportunity for a highly innovative blend of medicine and law exists. Let us hope that Stanford's flexibility can match the challenge.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

It is a pleasure to read your paper and to know that there are young people taking an active stand against the absurdities of the left.

Roy Cohn, M.D.
Professor of Surgery

To the Editor:

I found most informative and stimulating the article written by Harvey Hukari in the "January 31, 1968" issue of the *Arena*. (Heavens! I was aware that the *Arena* was no longer antediluvian, but to think that they've progressed so far as to be only one year behind the rest of us.)

Mr. Hukari has clearly missed his proper vocation by engaging in political affairs. He would be far more adept as a gossip columnist. I suppose that such columns would make better use of his predilection for irrelevancies and trivialities, and his ability to do "research", so well displayed in his last article.

Keep up the good work. With a little practice Hukari should be able to compete successfully with "Mom" in the *Daily*.

Alan Ullman

To the Editor:

Keep up the good work, you are saying things which need to be said, nay, shouted above the gross grunts of the SDS.

In regards to "Children, etc." in Friday's issue, I must add my hearty concurrence. The general tone agrees with a theory I have been propounding for some time.

A suggestion: Investigate the support for the conservative philosophy found among the engineering and scientific community here at Stanford. I find that such people, accustomed to logical thinking, are less swayed by the rantings of the radicals and would perhaps give your causes no little support.

Personal considerations prevent me from signing this note, but let that not detract from my enthusiastic support of your paper and ideals.

For far too long has SDS and their ilk held the spotlight. It is time the light of reason was applied and these neo-Nazis exposed for what they are.

Name Withheld

THE ARENA

AQUARIUS: Bob Tvedt, Leo; PISCES: Mike Cobb, Joe Frawley, Mercurio; AIRES: Thomas Hart Benton; TAURUS: Bill Randolph; GEMINI: Harvey H. Hukari, Jr., Susan Hudgens, Mark Venezia; CANCER: Yul Brynner; LEO: Mae West; VIRGO: Anne Castle, Bruce Brogeson; LIBRA: Bill Boyd; SCORPIO: Rich. Grey, Jack Stevens; SAGITTARIUS: Spectator; CAPRICORN: Katy Lewis.

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The Alley

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Radical Calls Hukari Mao's Dupe

To the Editor:

I would like to urge the Young Americans for Freedom to more carefully scrutinize the behavior of one of their leaders, a young journalist who goes by the obviously fictitious name of Harvey H. Hukari Jr. (notice the Oriental tone in Hukari?). I have reason to believe that he is nothing more than a dangerous and cleverly-disguised Communist agent whose orders from Peking are to prevent by any means the YAF from achieving their grand goal of freedom and order in America.

Just look at some of his activities. First of all, his absurd looking hair and clothes are merely a trick for becoming identified with those hippie-radicals at Grove House so he can unsuspectingly pollute and take over their minds by showing them those obscene "avant-garde" sex films.

Second, his article in the *Arena* last Friday (despite the libelous information) was a classic example of the use of Marxian class analysis in describing his ideological opponents, the Fascist neo-Nazi SDS (everyone knows the Nazis hate commies and a pinko like Harvey will do anything to keep them out of power). The fact that Harvey tried to pretend that he didn't know how to spell his hero Karl Marx's (ugh!) name by spelling it "MARK" in the headline is only a sneaky cover-up. Don't be duped! This subversive Red has been so successful that he has even manipu-

lated the normally pacifist YAFers into adopting violent left-wing tactics at the AEL demonstration last Wednesday.

True Americans beware! The Stars and Stripes are in danger. Eliminate "hippie" Hukari before it is too late for all of us.

Marc Weiss

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the last issue of the *Arena*, we reported that Mr. Weiss' father was a director of Argonne National Laboratories in Chicago. This is not so. There is a Marc Weiss whose father does hold such a position, however he is not the same Marc Weiss who is a member of Stanford SDS. We apologize to both individuals for our mistake.

To the Editor:

As a Stanford undergraduate opposed both to the activities of the SDS and the obvious inadequacies of the *Stanford Daily*, I have greatly appreciated the contributions to sanity made by the *Arena*. Although writers such as Mike Kuhl do tend to counteract the *Daily's* lack of objectivity I think that there is really no substitute for a separate journalistic voice on campus.

John W. Tolan

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WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER

Clearwater Revival's Second Album Survival

by Bruce Borgerson

People passin' by would stop and say
Oh my how that country boy could play
Go go, go Johnny go ...
Go go, Johnny B. Goode

He walked on the Fillmore stage with the dynamic presence of Clem Kadiddlehopper. He wore a plaid shirt, Levi's and cowboy boots and carried a shiny new Rickenbacker guitar. He could have been any country boy, except when he stomped that boot and hunched over that guitar, something magic happened. For this was John C. Fogarty of Creedence Clearwater Revival — the incarnation of Chuck Berry's fabulous "Johnny B. Goode." And Johnny was good that night.

It was little more than a year ago that Creedence made their first San Francisco appearance at Deno-Carlo's. Since that time they have chalked up two hit singles ("Susie Q" and Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put A Spell On You"), a successful first album, and a second LP that should be even bigger. In 12 months these boys from El Cerrito have moved into the front ranks of the San Francisco groups. The reason? Well, Creedence ain't no shuck. They play it straight, clean, and they get down so wonderfully heavy.

Digression: There is a disease in the rock business, called "Second Album Syndrome." This malady results from an attempt to milk profit out of a successful first album by rehashing the same old stuff, or by innovating for the sake of innovation. The Grateful Dead, Moby Grape, Procol Harum and The Steve Miller Band, among others, suffered from this ailment. But not Creedence. John Fogarty just couldn't do us dirt like that. So he wrote 6 new songs, dug out the classic "Good Golly Miss Molly", and went to the studio. There, along with his brother Tom (rhythm), Stu Cook (bass) and Doug Clifford

(drums), he made an album and called it *Bayou Country* (Fantasy). Produced and arranged by John Fogarty. Lead guitar, harp and vocals by John Fogarty. God bless John Fogarty.

Creedence has hit upon a formula reminiscent of the early Beatles. The first Beatle albums seemed disarmingly simple; only four instruments with practically no studio dubbing. Yet like the Beatles, Creedence has that quality that sustains interest and produces spontaneous and contagious joy. Perhaps it's Fogarty's unique vocal style, rough-edged yet bear-hug mellow. (Got that?) Or maybe it's the way Stu, Doug and Tom lay down a tightly-rolling rhythm with foot-stompin' excitement. Or maybe it's the down-home, good-time, often unintelligible lyrics:

If you come down to the river
Bet you gonna find some people who live
You don't have to worry 'cause you got no money
People on the river are happy to give
("Proud Mary")

Or it could be John's delightful lead guitar. Fogarty's feel for blues rhythm and phrasing is extraordinary. He can sustain a long razor edge, break it on the half-beat into a lightening-fast riff, repeat it, and then weave it into a pattern perfect both in conception and execution. It may not be the most brilliant blues guitar I've heard, but breaks like those in "Keep on Chooglin'" are thoroughly enjoyable.

At first listening, *Bayou Country* sounds like more of the same good stuff they had on their first LP. But after a few playings, you realize it's one hell of a lot better. So take a trip down there. I guarantee you'll enjoy it.

Here, There and Everywhere

At the Avalon this weekend: Youngbloods, Lee Michaels, Screamin' Jay Hawkins At the Fillmore: Bloomfield-Naftalin-Gravanites, The Byrds, PG&E At Longshoreman's Hall: Tim Buckley, Taj Mahal, West, Flamin' Groovies.

With Progress Comes Danger

By Eric Hoffer

There is a fact that stares us in the face but which we refuse to see; the inverse relation between grievance and protest. The less justified the grievance the more violent the protest. Where the wrong is tangible and obvious the protest will be limited and specific. It is when the wrong is vague or even fictitious that the protest is likely to become revolutionary, to be directed against the Establishment, the power structure, and the whole way of life of a society.

In the San Francisco Bay area the ugliest student protest erupted at San Francisco State College where the administration was responsive to student needs and tried its utmost to satisfy them. The most violent Negro riots occurred in cities like Detroit and New Haven where mayors and city governments were particularly sympathetic to the Negro, and zealous in righting his wrongs.

It is sheer obtuseness to maintain that riots will cease once Negroes and students are given everything they ask for. The opposite seems to be true. President Summerskill of San Francisco State sided with the militant students against his own administration. He was as noble a paper tiger as any Maoist could hope to lay his hands on, and they chased him off the campus. It has been proven again and again that tame enemies and tame battlegrounds constitute an ideal milieu for riots.

Who would have dreamt that an unprecedented improvement in the lot of the Negro would result in burned and looted cities, that the unprecedented affluence of the young would bring into being adolescent skid rows with adolescent whores, pimps, dope peddlers, moochers, and derelicts, and a mirthless, perpetual masquerade; that unprecedented opportunities for education would bring anarchy to places of learning?

Our time is seeing a revolution against striving and

effort. There is a clamor for instant manhood, instant power, instant cash, and instant happiness.

It is true that a just society must strive with all its might to right every wrong even if righting wrongs is a highly perilous undertaking. But, if it is to survive, a just society must be strong and resolute enough to deal with those who mistake its goodwill for weakness.

It has been so in the past, but it is much more so now: the time when dreams are realized and hopes fulfilled is a time of trouble. The danger is always great that when we try to realize a dream it may turn into a nightmare.



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Children of Plutocracy Regroup

by Spectator

One night a few officers and camp followers of Children of Plutocracy (COP) were lying around a dorm lounge confessing their failures.

The COPs were, by all odds, the most sincere and most alienated of radical youth groups at their university.

But the meeting was desultory. The campaign to drive the United States from Southeast Asia was bogging badly.

Suddenly the Maximum Leader did a dramatic thing. From behind a curtain he pulled a weather-beaten picket standard. Tacked to it was a four-color ad for Total Techtronics, announcing the second-generation people-sniffer.

This display never failed. The room went into two minutes of concentrated hate. When the emotion was spent, Max. L. spoke into the electric silence:

"What is to be done?"

As if by pre-arrangement, a physics major slumped in a dim corner of the lounge responded: "We must fight fire with fire."

Goody, goody, giggle, giggle, google, giddy cried the audience. "Napalm the Presidio?" asked one. "No," the physics student explained patiently. "We must destroy the effectiveness of the people-sniffers."

"We shall," he screamed, voice rising to the occasion, "cut off the noses of the imperialists to spite their unsaved faces."

Being basically word-people, the COPs loved that. They deposed the old Maximum Leader and exiled him to espionage duty on a liberal reform project known as Sublimation of Ecstasy in Schools.

But there was work to be done. A law student specializing in civil disobedience drew up the charter for a new planning body, the Students Counter-Research Electronics Words (SCREW).

The affiliate was an instant success. When referring problems for study, members delighted in shouting: SCREW this, or SCREW that.

What a code! What a gas!

Pretty soon the planning body had a full agenda of projects. But tops on the list was spiking of the people-sniffers.

"As I see it," said the Maximum Physicist, "we have two choices. We can hyper-odorize or we can de-odorize. Which shall it be?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SDS Hog - Tied ...



PIGS WILL EAT ANYTHING

Continued from page 1

pair the sound equipment but was pushed away and prevented from doing so.

The SDS announced at the conclusion of their rally that they intended to march to the Applied Electronics Lab and halt "business as usual." For the most part they were frustrated in their efforts by a combination of locked doors and YAF-YR counter pickets who blocked the entrances. On two occasions the Conservatives made a corridor in their ranks and called for some despairing SDSers to see for themselves that the doors were locked. Only one chose to do so. Some SDS members had already gained entrance to the Lab before the doors were shut while others went in thru the windows.

The radicals have grunted and growled over the fact that the YAF-YR contingent blocked the doorways and therefore should be charged by the Stanford Judicial Council with violating rules regarding campus protest. At no time were the Young Republicans or the Young Americans for Freedom ever advised that they were in any way abusing the University demonstration policy. If SDS is so concerned about law and order on campus, and one has every reason to believe that they are not, then we can assume that the radicals who gained entrance to the AEL illegally will all turn themselves over to the proper authorities for prosecution. What the SDS is so upset about is not that the YAF-YR group may have violated University regulations but simply that they



ARENA EDITOR (RIGHT) HASSLED

stopped SDS from carrying out their plans of harrassment.

It is over the nature of the counter protest that there has been some disagreement and resentment among Conservatives and moderates. Many feel that vocal protests and picketing are not the proper way to manifest opposition to the radicals and their goals. Indeed, it might be desirable to channel political controversy along traditional channels of discussion and debate and keep protests and confrontations at a minimum. Yet, the problem arises when one looks at how effective previous Conservative counter-measures against radical militancy have been.

It's been demonstrated time and again that Stanford's radicals are not subject to any effective moral or political censure that the University community can deliver. Student referendums against the use of force have been approved by overwhelming margins twice within the past nine months. Innumerable petitions against the tactics and goals of radicals have circulated and presented to the Administration with little effect other than to add filler to the pages of *The Stanford Observer*. With the possible exception of a condemnation from God delivered through the mouth of Dean N' pier, the SDS has been censured by virtually every sector of the community including the only self-perpetuating exhibit of organized anarchy, the student legislature.

In short, neither petitions, referendums, discussions, debates or resolutions from LASSU have de-



SDS ers SDSers SPOOF PITZER

terred SDS from their campaign of disruption. The only time that the radicals on this campus were ever effectively stopped was on January 29 at the Old Union and at the AEL when Conservatives and moderates combined to legitimately express their opposition to SDS.

Merely yelling at SDS was not the only purpose of that demonstration. It was an expression of anger over the raising of a Viet Cong flag on campus the previous day. It was an expression of disagreement with the style and substance of radicalism at Stanford. More importantly, it was an attempt to show the University administration, Dr. Pitzer, Joel Smith and his staff, and the outside community that we are fed up with SDS claiming to speak and act in the interest of Stanford students. We are tired of having this political zoo that is SDS inflict its guilt and neuroses on the academic community.

In the future, one can expect to see more militancy develop in the various areas of campus as long as the Administration fails to act firmly in dealing with campus disorders. Those of us involved in the Conservative movement shall continue to put more pressure on administrators, thru the various peaceful means at our disposal, until such time that we can be assured that President Pitzer and the Dean of Students office will act in a positive manner to represent the interests of all students and faculty who desire that Stanford become a free and open university.

The pigs are on the run.

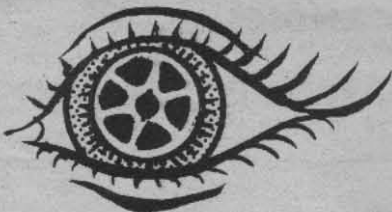
THE CINEMATIC EYE

Warhol: Passive Undertaker of Art

by Susan Hudgens

84 violins, a rabid priest, a Swiss millionaire with a wooden leg, a Vietnam Defoliation-processed hairdo a la Caruso, 200 sheep dead from tapeworm: all wound up in one beautiful head named Viva who un-reels the story of her life for you and me and Andy Warhol's camera.

Viva and her monologue, unlike almost everyone and everything else in *Nude Restaurant* is not boring, although Warhol's entourage (more so in *Lonesome Cowboys*) may be interesting to look at but only for



a while. A Warhol discovery, Viva expresses herself vividly and imaginatively, sometimes brashly. She is a beautiful woman, too: her heavily shadowed eyes flash, revealing an alive intellect. The planes of her face, her sharp nose, high cheekbones, svelte body (if a bit thin) are a visual trip, not only because of her beauty, but because she knows how to be expressive with her physiognomy.

It's just too bad Viva had to get stuck in such draggy movies.

The pun is well-intentioned. In *Lonesome Cow-*

boys (the newer film, now at the Presidio, San Francisco), she plays a cross between a hip-less, thin-lipped Barbara Stanwyck-type and a whore who gets money sometimes but satisfaction never. All the men out on the range, although we never see them out on the range, are homosexuals — even the sheriff who is a part-time transvestite. At one point, the cowboys gang up on her, strip her clothes off, but never actually rape her.

A spoof on westerns maybe? No, the dust on their silk shirts comes from 43rd street in New York. Only the sunburned necks look real.

The situation was no different in *Nude Restaurant*: part of Viva's monologue involves her recent discovery that women don't need men to have sexual satisfaction; in fact, men serve no function for a woman sexually; and also since — she says — women can now procreate by themselves — men are needed not at all. She looks wistful. Then she goes on to talk about her father's violin collection, the priest who seduced her sister, the Swiss who wanted her sister first, then her, the sadomasochist who beat her but really wanted her to beat him, her former modeling career.

It is a fascinating history to the viewer, but not to Taylor Mead (a veteran underground film star) who sits slouched beside her in front of the restaurant counter, his eyes rolled back, his mouth slack — picking his nose and scratching himself. At one point, Viva turns to him and asks, "Are you listening to this?" He replies: "Some of it. Not all of it, but I

figure that when I'm not listening, my consciousness is." Viva looks back at the camera and says, "Could you turn it off for a minute?" A flash, and it's on again. She continues about her life, about the family ranch, about her mother whom she detests, about the bald spots she got from a hair-straightening process.

The rest of the two films — minus Viva — is far less interesting. There are comic moments, truly fine ones, that break up the audience. But so much of the footage could have been cut, as in *Nude Restaurant* when Chip Dungan (in both films; a former Stanford student who went AWOL and then went Warhol) vaguely talks around his involvement in the Resistance. But apparently Warhol doesn't care to edit, let alone turn up the sound which is almost inaudible at times, or set his lighting correctly.

Apparently, what is good in the films, like Viva has nothing to do with Warhol...just as he had nothing to do with the creation of Brillo soap boxes. Unlike an employee of the Paris Theater (where *Nude Restaurant* is playing) asserted, I don't think Warhol is making a new art form that requires adjustment on our parts. I think most of us know better than to swallow that.

Warhol, art's passive undertaker, is reputed to have once said that some of his movies, such as the hour-long still-shot of the Empire State Building, is meant to be projected on a wall during a party, as a backdrop. Does anything he has produced draw our full interest and attention? I wonder if Warhol has ever created anything that could stand on its own feet.